

of Liberty, 400 feet above the bay. In another flash of time you made out the clean lines of the planes and you could see Hamilton crouched over his steering wheel.

With yells exploding all around him. The aviator dropped his biplane to the sands in a long sweep, as a gull comes down. The bicycle wheels thumped the ground, the propeller bounced a foot or two, and then ran along without a jar for less than fifty feet. Curtiss, watching like a hawk, threw up his hands. "By God, that was good!" he said.

ALL GRIMY BUT HAPPY
The crowd engulfed the little man and gave him no chance to climb out of the machine and stretch his cramped limbs. He was a sight. If ever in the world there was a soiled aviator, Hamilton was that bird. His red hair was matted with sweat and grease. His face was streaked and patched with grime and oil. His eyes were red from the wind and the work to goggles and dirt had settled in the lines of his face. The mud of the Jersey swamp clung to his legs and was splattered on his dingy leather coat.

Happy? He was about the most cheerful thing, for all the dirt, that you would want to see. He leaned back with a sigh of comfort, twisted a cigar in his mouth, brought out a package of cigarettes and stuck one in his mouth.

"Has anybody here got a match?" said Hamilton.

Had they? There were enough matches, loose, boxed and carried offered to him for the rest of his life. As he struck a light, he saw his mother and his wife struggling through the crowd. They had been waiting with the rest of the folk on the island, and part of the wait had been a pretty nervous session. There were times when the telephones and telegraph neglected to say whether Hamilton was dead or alive—merely stuck in a swamp.

There was very little kissing. His wife and his mother attended briskly to what was necessary in that respect and they gave the little man a hug apiece for good measure. Some of his makeup came off on their gowns, but they didn't care. There were people over on the island that would have paid money for a patch of his grime. He had to laugh himself.

A girl came hurtling through the crowd around the aeroplane, elbowing folks aside. She had strong arms. Before Hamilton could dodge, she had a card out of her pocket and was rubbing it over his cheek.

"I guess that's a little souvenir that will hold them for a while," chirped this young person, and away she went.

BOARDED WITH QUESTIONS.

The little man was tired and cold and somewhat overwrought by the strain of his experience in the Amboy swamp, but he was a most amiable bird. Everybody wanted to shake hands with him, soldiers, a few sailors and all the hundreds of people, men, women and children, who were affected by the hysteria of the moment. And they were jabbering all sorts of questions.

Glenn Curtiss, who had taken a propeller to him at South Amboy and had returned, was inquiring what the dickens got into the motor. Augustus Post of the Aero Club was accumulating little records and scientific details. Little boys and girls were squirming and crawling under the flaring planes and getting themselves mused up by the greasy machinery. Photographers were snapping and clicking and following requests from all sides. Wouldn't he shake hands with Mrs. Hamilton? Please, take Curtiss's hand! There! Hold that, please, for a moment! Give us the look you had on



This week it's the Benefactor Cigar Invincible Size at 6c each

When we say we retail cigars at wholesale prices we are prepared to demonstrate that fact.

This Benefactor Invincible is the standard ten cent straight size everywhere except in United stores, where you pay the wholesale price of \$60.00 per thousand—6 cents each—for one cigar—or a box—or a thousand.

UNITED CIGAR STORES

on land or water. He had on a pair of brown trousers, which were confined by leather puttees he had borrowed from Lieut. Elmore, who had been his host at the island. Add a cigarette and a pair of rough, dirty gauntlets and you have Hamilton as he stepped into the aeroplane.

PROPELLER IN-DE-WECKED.
As soon as he was assured that every nut and bolt and wire was in perfect order Hamilton ducked into the machine, drew up his legs and turned on the power. The propeller began to sing and the aeroplane started to run over the sands. Just before enough power had been developed to lift the aeroplane, it stopped with a jar that shook Hamilton's teeth. There was a snapping of wood and a splinter from the propeller blade whirled into the air. A stake driven so far into the sands that only an inch or two of it showed had caught the propeller and wrecked one slender blade.

Everybody groaned, expecting the announcement that Hamilton would fly another day. But there was some cheering when Curtiss darted into the aeroplane (which is a plain wooden barn) and came out with a propeller that he had used in his flight from Albany to New York. It fitted the hub of Hamilton's shaft and in less than fifteen minutes everything was airshipshape and the adventurer was ready to try again.

At 7:30 A. M. the motor took up its snoring and puffing, the new propeller chewed up all the air within its reach and the aeroplane sprinted toward the Statue of Liberty. A minute and a half later Hamilton was soaring, reaching out in long, beautiful slants, for a higher altitude. He circled a mile and a half around the island, flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour easily, and then swung out over the water and headed straight for Staten Island and the Kill van Kull. The tides caught his departure at 7:43.

For two minutes the aviator remained in sight and then merged into the blur or the southwest. As he passed over the bay, cutting the air in an undulating line, the whistles whined him. Ferryboats and tugboats took up the song, and the looting was rescued from the mill of Jersey City and Communipaw were crowded, but Hamilton was so high that he heard none of the cheering.

All Elizabeth that was up and out at 7:54 saw him sweeping over the city. At

him at 8:15, and he was out of sight almost before the minute hands of the watches had made another round. He flew squarely over the city, about 500 feet up. He was holding close to the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, probably because of the place of escape for moderating shock. He dropped swiftly and found himself not on good honest earth but in a nasty marsh, where pools of water were collected among tangled flags and rushes. He came down at 12:54 P. M.

"The plane sank away in," said Hamilton, "the bicycle wheels going out of sight. As soon as I got myself out I found it was up to my knees in mud and slush. It was sure a rotten hole to be caught in."

"Well, the first thing that occurred to me was to let the machine haul itself out of trouble. I turned on the juice and the propeller blade turned a few times and then quit with a crack. Something, I suppose it was the rushes, or a hump of uneven ground or something, had smashed the blade. There I was in a nice fix."

"I could see people running from everywhere. It seemed to me that all New Jersey was coming my way. They were really with kindness. They were real nice, but they were so excited and interested that I couldn't get room to work."

The marsh where Hamilton dropped is near the County Bridge in South Amboy. An excellent wide road runs near the bridge and the aviator was able to make fine use of that road later. But his plight was gloomy enough to begin with. Two sparking plugs out of business (which meant two dead cylinders) and a smashed propeller.

A helpful citizen who appeared in an automobile shouted to Hamilton, asking if there was anything he could do. "And, oh, didn't he look like ready money to me!" said Hamilton.

The automobilist was from the nearest telephone and called up Glenn H. Curtiss and Pete Young, Hamilton's manager, at Governors Island. It was away after 2 o'clock when the news got to the island that Hamilton was stuck in the mud and the air was blue with disappointment. Curtiss and Young lost no time going to Hamilton's aid. They took with them a propeller that Curtiss used at Reims, France, when he did stunts over there, and a pair of sparking plugs. They crossed to South Ferry, got an automobile, ferried over to Tompkinsville, hustled to the Kill van Kull ferry and then motored to the County bridge at South Amboy. All told, it was some trip. An hour and a half after they got the telephone message they were helping the little aviator patch his machine.

MACHINE CARRIED OUT OF THE MIRE.
Hamilton had been pretty busy his first day after pleading successfully with the crowd to give him elbow room (the sightseers were so curious that many of them waded into the mud) he got a dozen men to help him lift the aeroplane out of the mire and carry it some distance to the County road. By the time Curtiss and Pete Young buzzed up the biplane was ready for tinkering.

Expert hands had the substitute propeller and the new ignition plugs in place by 5 o'clock, and it looked as if Hamilton would get to Governors Island by 5:20. Here the crowd spoiled calculations. People were arriving all the time and the roadway was choked with vehicles and spectators afoot. They simply couldn't keep from crowding around the aeroplane. A man asked Hamilton if he could write his name on the canvas of the upper plane. Hamilton told him to go ahead, and in five minutes there was a scramble for the privilege. There were hundreds of names pencilled on the yellow planes when Hamilton got to Governors Island yesterday, among them the names of many wives.

For more than an hour Hamilton could do nothing but beg the crowd to give him space enough to start his machine. "It was enough to make a man crazy," said Hamilton, "but they couldn't help it. They were like a lot of kids at a circus."

Finally he got the wide road cleared ahead of him for 100 yards. There was danger in starting a fight there and Hamilton realized it, but the road was the only suitable place in the neighborhood. Telephone and telegraph poles bordered it and wires were strung thickly at each side. The crowd enjoyed a thrill when he took his seat, cocked his head for a moment at the poles to each side and then released the power.

FINE ASCENT IN THE ROADWAY.
It was a remarkable ascent, the finest thing Hamilton accomplished. He held the biplane straight as a string while it made its preliminary dash along the road, lifted it cleanly between the perilous wires and went away from there at terrific speed rising at a sharp angle. It was 6:20 o'clock by Hamilton's watch when he rose and resumed his inter-

rupt journey. The rest, as he puts it, was a cinch. He was a little dubious as to how the new sparking plugs would hold and as to the propeller, so he thought it best to fly high. He rose to 1,500 feet, as he guessed, and made the last leg of the trip in a long slant.

Glenn Curtiss had left him at South Amboy as soon as the repairs had been made and was waiting half an hour at Governor's Island before he showed through the haze over Tompkinsville. He was mighty glad to see that flying speck. Curtiss is proud of his aeroplane and he took much interest in Hamilton's achievement as if he himself had been driving the biplane.

The speed is shown by a time table that was prepared from Hamilton's own observations and those of persons in the cities he flew over. Here is the table:

TO PHILADELPHIA.	
Governors Island	7:43 A. M.
Elizabeth	7:58 A. M.
Hoboken	8:08 A. M.
New Brunswick	8:18 A. M.
Monmouth Junction	8:28 A. M.
Princeton Junction	8:38 A. M.
Trenton	8:48 A. M.
Philadelphia	9:25 A. M.
TO NEW YORK.	
Aviation grounds	12:30 P. M.
Bristol, Pa.	12:40 P. M.
Trenton, N. J.	12:50 P. M.
Princeton Junction	1:00 P. M.
Monmouth Junction	1:10 P. M.
New Brunswick	1:20 P. M.
Hoboken	1:30 P. M.
Elizabeth	1:40 P. M.
New York (after 5 hours and 30 minutes delay)	6:10 P. M.

Hamilton didn't have hurried to win the cash prize the Times offered for the first Philadelphia and back within twenty-four hours, making as many stops as he pleased. He received more than \$5,000 for his day's work.

WHEN AMERICA OVERFLOWS

St. James Mills Hopes the Surplus Population Will Go to Australia.

OTTAWA, June 13.—"A number of our optimists are looking forward to the time when the surplus population of the United States will seek homes in Australia," said St. James Mills, president of the United Steamship Company of New Zealand.

He is here to see Dominion Government officials regarding a new mail contract from Vancouver to New Zealand that the Dominion is offering.

HAMILTON, FEARLESS FLIER

THE AVIATOR HAS HAD MANY THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

Began to Fly With His Mother's Parcel From a Barn's Roof at the Age of 5—Close Call From Death on Several Occasions—Fell in Lake at Seattle.

Charles K. Hamilton was born in Connecticut twenty-nine years ago. He is said to have started on his flying career at the age of 5 by attempting a flight from the roof of a barn, using his mother's best parcel as a parachute. He next invented a kite which carried him 100 feet in the air and nearly paralyzed his parents with fright. In 1898 Hamilton heard that Israel Ludlow, a young attorney of New York, had built a man carrying kite and came to New York and offered to fly it. He made about forty ascensions from Riverside Drive over the Hudson, the apparatus being towed by a tugboat. Once the men who were steering the boat became so interested in Hamilton that they allowed the tug to collide with a ferry boat and Hamilton took a tumble of several feet. But Hamilton was able to make a landing as if he were a fish, as well as fly like a bird, so a cold plunge only added excitement to the situation.

A few months ago when Hamilton was doing fancy flying in an aeroplane over water at Seattle he lost control of the machine, which took a somersault and threw him 100 feet. Part of a broken piece of wood was imbedded in one of his legs, but he swam until he became unconscious and was rescued by a boat. He was taken to a hospital, where he remained for several weeks.

From New York in 1906 Hamilton took the Ludlow kite to Ormond Beach, where he gave exhibitions with the automobile raucous. Ludlow himself for the first time attempted to go up in the apparatus and met with an accident that crippled him for life.

Late in the same year Hamilton made ascensions in the California Arrow, a dirigible balloon invented by Capt. Thomas S. Baldwin. One with this airship, Hamilton was killed for an ascension at Paterson, N. J. Right after he had left the ground he lost his ballast and the balloon shot up to an altitude of 4,000 feet and landed with the valve cord, which failed to respond. He had found it easy to get up, but how to get down was giving the aeronaut considerable trouble. He finally climbed to the top of the frame and slashed the bag with a knife.

The rush of gas increased the rent and the balloon was descending at a tremendous velocity. Again his cool head stood him in hand, and he climbed back on the frame and slashed the bag with a knife. The cut parts together until the balloon hovered over a three-story building. Hamilton, who is as nimble as an acrobat, leaped from the frame to the roof.

According to Hamilton's story the owner of the building took offense because Hamilton had scraped off some fresh gravel and refused to allow the aeronaut the privilege of coming down through the skylight. Hamilton said he tied a rope to the chimney and scaled his way to the ground.

In 1907 and 1908 Hamilton drove a Strobel balloon and gave exhibitions in the United States, Mexico and Japan. He also flew in Mexico and at San Antonio, Texas, where he was killed in a bull ring.

Hamilton had another hairbreadth escape in 1908 when making a balloon ascension at Brighton Beach. He was cruising about 800 feet above the water when the guide rope caught in the propeller and caused it to snap. Hardly had the accident occurred when a quick strike of the craft carried it almost three miles out to sea, where it crashed. After he had battled with the wind and water for about twenty-five minutes and was exhausted he was taken from off the frame by a yacht, which reached him before the life-saving crew that had started for his rescue.

Last November Hamilton returned to this country from Japan, where he had been giving dirigible balloon flights. It was said that he and his manager had failed to agree, and he decided to abandon further exhibitions there. He went to the Curtiss aeroplane factory at Hammondsport. The first day he took a seat in a machine he flew four miles before he stopped. The next day he made a flight of thirty miles. In January he took a leading part in the Los Angeles meet and set up a record for quick starting, leaving the ground in 3.3 seconds after a run of seventy-five feet. He also holds the record for a glide of 1,500 feet.

Hamilton's sensational flying was not appreciated in the East until a week or two ago, when he took his machine to the Hempstead Plain aviation field and gave some startling exhibitions of diving from an altitude of several hundred feet to ten or fifteen. No other aviator in the world has ever performed such spectacular feats in making dives.

Hamilton says an accident to his engine in midair is responsible for his spectacular glides. It was while he was trying to beat Paulhan's height record in California that his engine stopped several hundred feet above ground and he skillfully guided his machine back to earth.

Hamilton's most notable aeroplane flight prior to the one made yesterday was one from San Diego, Cal., in January, when he flew a distance of seven miles in one-half mile across the Mexican border and back again without stopping. Thirty miles of the trip was over the Pacific Ocean. In making this flight Hamilton was the first aviator to cross the United States border to another country.

At Governors Island in making preliminary tests of his biplane for his long cross-country flight Hamilton braved a falling rain and a driving wind. After from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. He is the only aviator who flies over water without the protection of floats.

In personal appearance Hamilton is not a man to be trifled with. He is a well-built, broad-shouldered fellow, with a face and some say a bow-legged. He is called the featherweight aeronaut and tips the scales at 110 pounds.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

POSALAN

LIFE OF A PIMPLE.

Complexions Are Cleared and Pimples Disappear Overnight Without Trouble.

The dispenser of posalan, a new skin discovery, asks that notice be given that no one is urged to purchase it without first obtaining an experimental package. Every one who has tried it knows that the fifty-cent box, on sale at Hegenman's, Riker's, Kalish's, Kinsman's, Jungmann's and other drug stores, is sufficient to cure the worst case of eczema, where the surface affected is not too large. The itching ceases on first application. It will also cure acne, freckles, blotches, scaly scalp, hives, barber's itch, and every other form of itch, including itching feet. Being flesh-colored and containing no grease, the presence of posalan on exposed surfaces, such as the face and hands, is not perceptible. Water and soap cannot be used in connection with it, as these irritate and prolong skin troubles, sometimes even causing them.

As to the experimental package of posalan, it can be had free of charge by mail of the Emergency Laboratories, 23 West Twenty-fifth street, New York. It alone is sufficient to clear the complexion overnight and to rid the face of pimples in twenty-four hours.

Storage For Silverware

The Gorham Vaults, 5th Avenue and 36th Street, afford unusual advantages for the storage and safe keeping of silverware and other valuables. Articles will be inventoried and packed at owner's residence, the Company assuming all responsibility.

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\$15 to \$35.

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DIED.

ANNLEY.—At Lakewood, N. J., on June 13, L. R. Anster, wife of Robert Anster of Manhattan, N. Y.

BURKE.—On June 13, 1910, at his residence, 15 Monroe place, Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles Wesley Bangs.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

CHESTERBROUGH.—On Saturday, June 4, at London, England, of pneumonia, Robert Maxwell, widow son of Robert A. Chesterbrough in 38 4th year.

Funeral services will be held at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus av. and 60th st., on Wednesday, June 15, at 11 o'clock A. M. Interment private.

GARDNER.—On June 13, William A. Gardner, Relatives and friends and members of Ocean State Lodge, F. & A. M. and R. P. O. E. No. 22 are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, 2605 Glenwood road, Flatbush, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, June 15, at 8 o'clock.

HART.—On June 13, Clara F. Hart, Services "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," 241 West 23d st. (FRANK E. CAMPBELL BLDG.).

HAYDOCK.—On June 13, at his residence, 200 West 97th st., Carlotta Delano, widow of Charles E. Haydock, in the 90th year of her age.

Funeral private.

HEAD.—On June 12, 1910, Isabelle Head, Funeral from "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," 241 West 23d st. (FRANK E. CAMPBELL BLDG.).

IRVING.—On June 12, 1910, at his residence, 200 West 97th st., Carlotta Delano, widow of Charles E. Haydock, in the 90th year of her age.

Services on Tuesday, June 14, at Irvington, arrival of the 9:30 A. M. train from New York.

LOVE.—On June 12, John Morrison Love, Services at "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," 241 West 23d st. (FRANK E. CAMPBELL BLDG.).

MANVIER.—On Sunday, June 12, 1910, at his residence, 332 West End av., New York City, Benjamin Franklin Manvier, aged 56 years and 23 days, of pneumonia. Funeral and interment at convenience of the family.

MIDDLEBROOK.—On Friday, June 10, 1910, at his residence, 200 West 97th st., Carlotta Delano, widow of Charles E. Haydock, in the 90th year of her age.

Funeral services at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus av. and 60th st., on Wednesday, June 15, at 11 o'clock A. M. Interment at convenience of the family.

MORRISON.—On Sunday, June 12, Alice Morrison, widow of Daniel W. Morrison, Funeral services at her late residence, 10 West 75th st., on Wednesday, June 15, at 1 P. M. Interment at convenience of the family.

SAUERWEIN.—On Monday, June 13, 1910, at his residence, 200 West 97th st., Carlotta Delano, widow of Charles E. Haydock, in the 90th year of her age.

Funeral services at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus av. and 60th st., on Wednesday, June 15, at 11 o'clock A. M. Interment at convenience of the family.

VAN BUREN.—On Sunday, June 12, Peter Van Buren, Services Thursday, 1 P. M. at "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," 241 West 23d st. (FRANK E. CAMPBELL BLDG.).

WATY.—On Saturday, June 11, 1910, at his residence, 200 West 97th st., Carlotta Delano, widow of Charles E. Haydock, in the 90th year of her age.

Funeral services at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus av. and 60th st., on Wednesday, June 15, at 11 o'clock A. M. Interment at convenience of the family.

UNDETAILED.

FRANK E. CAMPBELL, 241-243 W. 23d St., Chapels, Ambulance Service, Tel. 141-1420.

STEPHEN M. HOLT, successor, the removal of his LAW OFFICE from 60 Wall Street to 200 5th av. Phone 1251 Madison Square.

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SOARING OVER THE BAY.

your face when you were going over Trenton. Click-click-clickety-click! They must have taken 100 pictures in ten minutes.

Hamilton had time presently to narrate some of his experiences, but in common with flying men, he made rather an unsatisfactory story teller. He had been too busy to take more than a glimpse of the world as it flew backward. Ignition plugs and oil pumps and gasoline registers, as Hamilton said dryly, are more important to watch and almost as interesting as the top side of cities. Experiences? Yes, he recalled a few. It was blamed cold up 1,000 feet going at a fifty mile clip. The rushing winds stung his face and he wore no cap or goggles.

As for the trip over to Philadelphia, no aviator could have wished for a more delightful set of conditions. There was only the breath of a head wind. The evil cross cuts of the high airs were playing tricks somewhere else in Jersey. No twisting currents slapped his wings. The motor was on its most perfect behavior and made power without a skip or a break. The hastily fitted propeller gave no trouble.

TOOK THE WRONG RAILROAD TRACKS.

Coming back, the flight was perfect until he got over Metuchen when two ignition plugs which had become fouled with grit missed sparking and he felt his power leaking away. He looked down and made the mistake of taking the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad for the Pennsylvania. No, swerving to the south, he came to the Baritan, which he thought was the Staten Island Sound, and that he was approaching Staten Island. Below him was what seemed a green meadow, a perfect perch, but it was a treacherous swamp, with two feet of water and tangled rushes.

IDEAL CONDITIONS AT START.

Hamilton had announced that he would take the air from Governors Island at exactly 7 o'clock on Monday. He was anxious to show that aviators needn't dawdle in getting started, and he had proved it too. If a queer accident hadn't wrecked a propeller blade. Shortly after sunrise there were 200 people at the aerodrome on the aviation grounds. Friends of Hamilton and Glenn H. Curtiss, army officers and enthusiasts from the city, greeted the clear morning with pleasure. Conditions, as the weather man had promised, were ideal. There was hardly a stir of air. A few high drifting clouds hinted at rain, but they chased one another across the heavens

and banked on the western horizon. Air fluffs, the wet mists that bother flying men more than tricky winds, appeared high up toward the south and east, but for a clear thousand feet at least the air lanes lay straight before him. Curtiss, whose make of biplane Hamilton was to use, rubbed his hands, tickled at the conditions. Hamilton himself didn't have much to say. He was too busy tuning up the machine with the assistance of his manager and the mechanics. He smoked cigarettes constantly.

"Aren't you afraid to take a chance with a cigarette sitting in front of a gasoline can?" somebody asked him.

"Not taking any chances," drawled Hamilton. "Don't use any matches. Soak one smokes down I light another from it."

Hamilton was a droll looking young man when he was a scout for the trip. He reminded some people of the old woodcut pictures of the Hunchback of Notre Dame. He was capless and his thick, red hair stood up stubbornly. Under a leather coat which had seen much service he wore round his chest and abdomen three automobile tire inner tubes inflated. They made him look bunched back and front, but he figured they would be mighty useful if he tumbled

and landed on the western horizon.

The South Elizabeth station the special train was waiting to pick him up. Hamilton was hunting for the train. He answered from his course, sank lower, drove his machine around in a sweeping curve, sighted the train and sped on toward Philadelphia. The special tore through Rahway fifteen seconds ahead of Hamilton, and the train was making upward of fifty-five miles an hour. Over Rahway Hamilton was flying at an altitude of about 300 feet. The hum of the propeller was heard distinctly.

CATCHING UP ON THE TRAIN.

At New Brunswick the train was only an eighth of a mile or so ahead of the flying machine, and Hamilton was drawing up rapidly. The church bells rang for him here and there was a din of whistles and sirens. New Brunswick timed

slant until he was perhaps 400 feet above the ground, then lit out for New York at full speed. The whistles and bells gave him a rousing sendoff.

It was exactly 11:30 A. M. when he rose. He had planned to be back and pass by Governors Island by 1:15 P. M. and had it not been for his misjudgment of position and the bad behavior of two sparking plugs it is likely that he would have flown to schedule.

On his return trip he passed over Bristol, Pa., at 11:46. The aeroplane was making perhaps fifty miles an hour at that place. Hamilton said that he never had a doubt then that he would reach Governors Island at the time he had set for himself. It was 12:15 when he flew over Trenton, and he was sailing very high and fast. He was waiting half an hour at Governor's Island before he showed through the haze over Tompkinsville. He was mighty glad to see that flying speck. Curtiss is proud of his aeroplane and he took much interest in Hamilton's achievement as if he himself had been driving the biplane.

The speed is shown by a time table that was prepared from Hamilton's own observations and those of persons in the cities he flew over. Here is the table:

TO PHILADELPHIA.

Governors Island

Elizabeth

Hoboken

New Brunswick

Monmouth Junction

Princeton Junction

Trenton

Philadelphia

TO NEW YORK.